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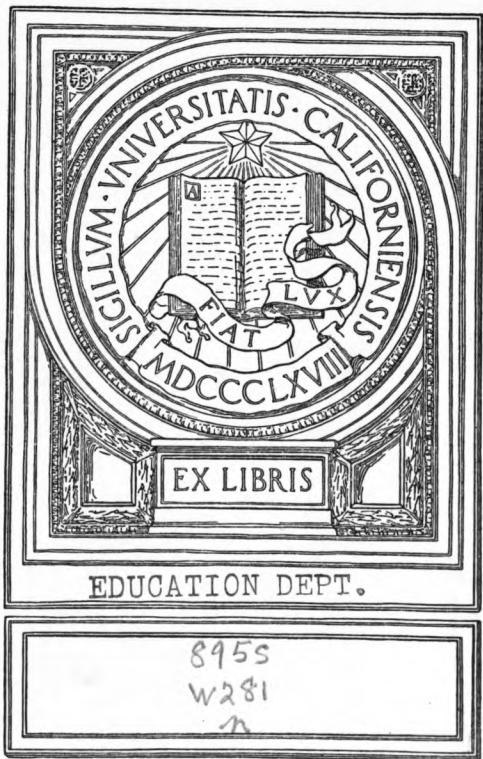


*Nonsense dialogues for the
youngest readers*

Ellen E. Kenyon Warner

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ELIZA CURTIS



EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

NONSENSE DIALOGUES



THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

NONSENSE DIALOGUES

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ELIZA CURTIS

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1912

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
NAMING THE BABIES	1
"WHAT CAN YOU DO?"	3
A GUESSING GAME	5
OLD MRS. SHUTTLE	7
SPLISH-SPLASH	11
ADDITION	14
THE OLD GRAY GOOSE	16
THE THREE TADPOLES	20
THE GRAIN OF WHEAT	23
"SAY PLEASE"	31
SUNDAY CLOTHES	35
THE FAIRY	42
GUESS, AND GUESS AGAIN	46
THE END OF THE WORLD	51
FIDO'S DRINK	58
THE DAY'S EYE	63
THE TELEPHONE	68
ANIMAL TRADES	74
THE WORKERS	78
THE BEE'S STORY	83
UMBRELLAS	88
A LITTLE MAN	94

	PAGE
OFF FOR DREAMLAND	104
AN ALPHABET GAME	112
THE HOURS	117
A CHRISTMAS JOKE	125
THE ECHO	130
PAYING TOLL	142
SAVING DOLLY'S LIFE	148
SPELLING CONSTANTINOPLE	153
THE NEW MAN	157
WHEN THE TOYS CAME ALIVE	163

EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

NONSENSE DIALOGUES



THE BEE'S STORY. Page 83

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA
NONSENSE DIALOGUES

NAMING THE BABIES

The animals stand in a line, and the questioner goes from one to another.

Baby dog, what shall I call you?

Call me a puppy.

Baby cat, what shall I call you?

Call me a kitten.

Baby sheep, what shall I call you?

Call me a lamb.

Baby goat, what shall I call you?

Call me a kid.

Baby horse, what shall I call you?

Call me a colt.

Baby cow, what shall I call you?

Call me a calf.

Baby duck, what shall I call you?

Call me a duckling.

Baby goose, what shall I call you?

Call me a gosling.

Baby owl, what shall I call you?

Call me an owlet.

Baby eagle, what shall I call you?

Call me an eaglet.

Baby child, what shall I call you?

Just Baby.

“WHAT CAN YOU DO ? ”

Child

Little bird, what can you do ?

Bird

I can build a nest. Can you ?

Child

Little mouse, what can you do ?

Mouse

I can run a race. Can you ?

Child

Little puss, what can you do ?

Puss

I can catch a mouse. Can you ?

Child

Little frog, what can you do?

Frog

I can dive and swim. Can you?

Child

Spider, tell what you can do.

Spider

I can spin a web. Can you?

-- *From the Culture Readers, by permission of
Charles E. Merrill Company.*

A GUESSING GAME

1. What do you wear for clothes?
I wear scales.
Then you're a fish.
2. What do you wear for clothes?
I wear feathers.
Then you're a bird.
3. What do you wear for clothes?
I wear wool.
Then you're a lamb.
4. What do you wear for clothes?
I wear short hair.
Then you're a horse.

5. What do you wear for clothes?

I wear long hair.

Then you're a goat.

6. What do you wear for clothes?

I wear black fur.

Then you're my cat.

7. What do you wear for clothes?

I wear my house.

Then you're a turtle.

OLD MRS. SHUTTLE

THEME

Read by voice at back of room

Old Mrs. Shuttle,
She lived in a scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat.

What they did I can't tell,
But it's known very well,
That none of the party was fat.

First Pupil

Who was she ?

Second Pupil

Old Mrs. Shuttle.



OLD MRS. SHUTTLE

First Pupil

Where did she live?

Second Pupil

In a scuttle.

First Pupil

Who lived with her?

Second Pupil

Her dog and her cat.

First Pupil

What did they do?

Second Pupil

I can't tell.

First Pupil

Why can't you tell?

Second Pupil

I didn't live there.

First Pupil

What do you know about them?

Second Pupil

That none of the party was fat.

First Pupil

Why were they not fat?

Second Pupil

I can't tell.

First Pupil

Why can't you tell?

Second Pupil

I didn't see them eat.

First Pupil

Who can tell?

Second Pupil

Mrs. Shuttle.

SPLISH-SPLASH

A PLAY

Child, facing class, beckons another to join him and recites first couplet. Second child beckons to another child while reciting second couplet. Third child beckons to a fourth, etc.

First Child

If all the seas
Were ONE great sea,
What a GREAT sea that would be!

Second Child

And if all the trees
Were ONE great tree,
What a GREAT tree that would be!

Third Child

And if all the axes
Were ONE great ax,
What a GREAT ax that would be!

Fourth Child

And if all the men
Were ONE great man,
What a GREAT man that would be!

Fifth Child

And if the great man
Should take the great ax
And chop down the great tree
And let it fall into the great
sea,
What a SPLISH-SPLASH that
would be!

Concert

The five speakers, standing in line, shout “ Splish splash ! ” three times, while half the class cries “ Sh-sh-sh ! ” and the other half “ S-s-s ! ”

ADDITION

One and one are two,
I and sister Prue.

Two and one are three,
As any one can see.

Three and one are four,
You cannot make them more.

Four and one are five,
Sure as I'm alive.

Five and one are six,
Little wooden bricks.

Six and one are seven,
They never make eleven.

Seven and one are eight,
We stand here very straight.

Eight and one are nine,
Behold us all in line.

Nine and one are ten
Tidy little men.

Ten and one are eleven,
And that is more than seven.



THE OLD GRAY GOOSE

First Child

1. Go and tell Aunt Abbie,
Go and tell Aunt Abbie,
Go and tell Aunt Abbie
Her old gray goose is dead.

Second Child

2. I hear what you've been saying,
I hear what you've been saying,
I hear what you've been saying,
But which gray goose is dead?

First Child

3. The one that had a topknot,
The one that had a topknot,
The one that had a topknot
Right on its pretty head.

Second Child

4. And if she still should ask me,
And if she still should ask me,
And if she still should ask me
Which old gray goose is dead?

First Child

5. The one she has been saving,
The one she has been saving,

The one she has been saving
To make a feather bed.

Second Child

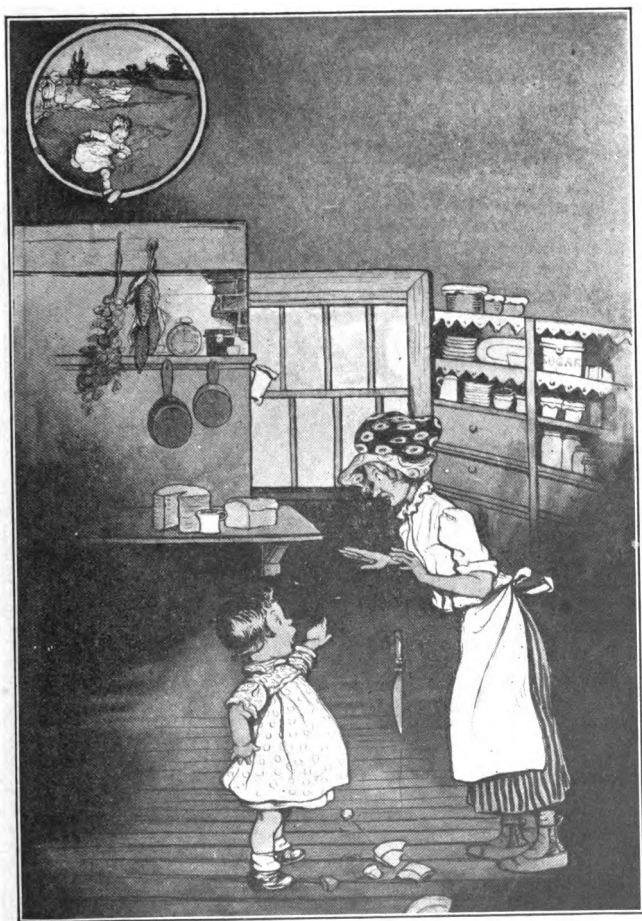
6. Where shall I find Aunt Abbie,
Where shall I find Aunt Abbie,
Where shall I find Aunt Abbie,
To tell her Goosie's dead ?

First Child

7. You'll find her in the pantry,
You'll find her in the pantry,
You'll find her in the pantry,
Cutting cheese and bread.

Second Child

8. I'll go and tell Aunt Abbie,
I'll go and tell Aunt Abbie,
I'll go and tell Aunt Abbie
Her old gray goose is dead.



THE THREE TADPOLES

Said Twimmily, "See me wiggle!"

Said Twammily, "See me waggle!"

Said Twirmy, "See me squirm!"

Said Twimmily, "My tail's growing shorter."

Said Twammily, "My tail's growing shorter."

Said Twirmy, "My tail's growing shorter."

Said Twimmily, "My legs are growing longer."

Said Twammily, "My legs are growing longer."

Said Twirmy, "My legs are growing longer."

Said Twimmily, "I'll soon be a frog."

Said Twammily, "I'll soon be a frog."

Said Twirmy, "I'll soon be a frog."

A frog passed by.

He said to Twimmily, "Talk less and work more if you want to be a frog."

He said to Twammily, "Talk less and work more if you want to be a frog."

He said to Twirmy, "Talk less and work more if you want to be a frog."

He said to Twimmily, “Keep on wiggling.”

He said to Twammily, “Keep on waggling.”

He said to Twirmy, “Keep on squirming.”

And a Twimmily, Twammily,
Twirmy,

And a Wimmily, Wammily, Wirmy,
And a Squimmily, Squammily,
Squirmy,

And a Whippa-pa

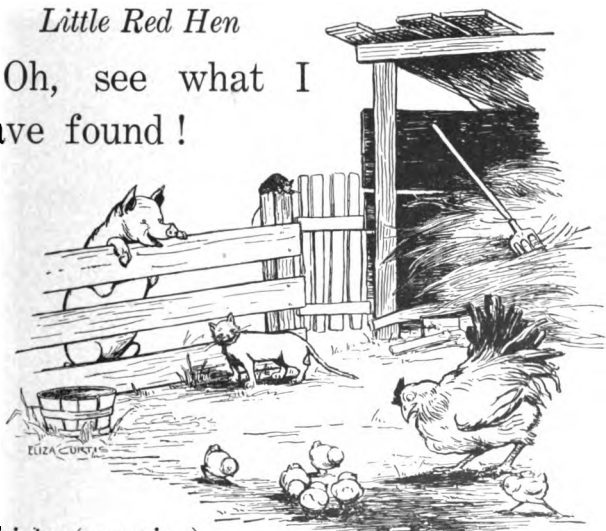
Papa-pa

Pa!

THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

Little Red Hen

Oh, see what I
have found !



Chicks (running)

What is it? What
is it? What is it?



Little Red Hen

It is a grain of wheat.

Chicks running

A grain of wheat ! It is a grain of wheat ! Let us see the grain of wheat !

Little Red Hen

Call the cat.

Chicks

Cat ! Oh, Cat ! Come quickly, Cat !
Little Red Hen wants you !

Little Red Hen

Call the rat.

Chicks

Rat ! Oh, Rat ! Come quickly, Rat !
Little Red Hen wants you !

Little Red Hen

Call the pig !

Chicks

Pig ! Oh, Pig ! Come quickly,
Pig ! Little Red Hen wants you !

*(The cat, the rat, and the pig come, sauntering,
and look at the grain of wheat.)*

Little Red Hen

Who will plant this wheat ?

Cat

I won't !

Rat

I won't !

Pig

I won't !

Little Red Hen

I will, then !

*(She plants the wheat. Cat, rat, and pig saunter
back to seats. The hen, clucking, and the*

chicks crying, "Peep ! peép !" wander about, pretending to pick food from the grass. They return to spot where wheat is planted.)

Little Red Hen

Oh, see how my wheat has grown !

Chicks

Oh, see the wheat ! How it has grown !

Little Red Hen

Call the cat, the rat, and the pig.

Chicks

Cat, come quick ! Rat, come quick ! Pig, come quick ! Little Red Hen wants you !

(They come, sauntering.)

Little Red Hen

Who will take this wheat to the mill ?

Cat

I won't!

Rat

I won't!

Pig

I won't!

Little Red Hen

I will, then!

(She pretends to shoulder a heavy bag of wheat and walks off. Chicks follow, peeping. Cat, rat, and pig saunter to seats. Hen and chicks return to spot. Hen opens bag and pretends to scatter some flour on the grass.)

Little Red Hen

See what fine flour the miller has ground for me!

Chicks

See the flour! Oh, see the fine flour!

Little Red Hen

Call the cat, the rat, and the pig.

Chicks

Oh, Cat, come quick! Oh, Rat,
come quick! Oh, Pig, come quick!
Little Red Hen wants you!

(They come, sauntering.)

Little Red Hen

Who will make this flour into
bread?

Cat

I won't!

Rat

I won't!

Pig

I won't!

Little Red Hen

I will, then!

*(Kneads the flour and pretends to put a loaf
under the chair to bake. Animals saunter*

back to seats. The hen, clucking, and the chicks, peeping, wander about, pretending to pick food from the grass. They return to where bread is baking. Hen pretends to take it from the oven.)

Little Red Hen

See how well my bread is baked.

Chicks

Oh, see the bread ! What fine bread !

(Cat, rat, and pig come without calling.)

Little Red Hen

Who will eat this bread ?

Cat

I will !

Rat

I will !

Pig

I will !

Little Red Hen

Who planted the wheat ?

Animals

You did !

Little Red Hen

Who took the wheat to the mill ?

Animals

You did !

Little Red Hen

Who made the flour into bread ?

Animals

You did !

Little Red Hen

Then I and my chicks will eat the bread.

(Animals hang their heads and walk slowly to seats. Chicks and Little Red Hen, peeping and clucking loudly, pretend to eat bread.)

“SAY PLEASE”

SCENE. *Big sister holding box or basket out of reach of little boy, and smiling down at him.*

Sister

Say “Please !”

Boy

I won't say please. Give me some.

Sister

Say “Please !”

Boy

Why should I say please? Some of the apples are mine. I helped to pick them.



“ SAY PLEASE ”

Sister

Say "Please!"

Boy

Stop teasing me. Give me as many as I picked.

Sister

Say "Please," just to be a little gentleman.

Boy

I don't want to be a little gentleman. I'm going to be a man.

Sister

Then say "Please," just to please me.

Boy

But you are not pleasing me.

D

Sister

Then say “Please” because it is right to speak pleasantly.

Boy

Please give me my apples.

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SUNDAY CLOTHES



SUNDAY CLOTHES

Those who answer for the animals stand in line, and the little girl passes from each one to

the next with her questions. After she has made believe go to church she may return and make a little speech, telling them that at least their clothes are their own, and that they may all come to church next Sunday.

Girl

Fish, fish, what do you wear for Sunday?

Fish

Scales for Sunday,

Scales for Monday,

Scales for Tuesday,

Scales for Wednesday,

Scales for Thursday,

Scales for Friday,

Scales for Saturday.

Girl

Then you can't go to church, for you wear your best clothes on scrub-

bing day. Bird, bird, what do you wear for Sunday?

Bird

Feathers for Sunday,
 Feathers for Monday,
 Feathers for Tuesday,
 Feathers for Wednesday.
 Feathers for Thursday,
 Feathers for Friday, —

Girl

That is enough! You can't go to church, because you wear your best clothes on sweeping day. Sheep, sheep, what do you wear for Sunday?

Sheep

Wool for Sunday,
Wool for Monday,
Wool for Tuesday,
Wool for Wednesday,
Wool for Thursday, —

Girl

That is enough. You can't go to church, because you wear your best clothes on baking day. Horse, horse, what do you wear for Sunday?

Horse

Hair for Sunday,
Hair for Monday,
Hair for Tuesday,
Hair for Wednesday, —

Girl

That is enough. You can't go to church, because you wear your best clothes on sewing day. Squirrel, squirrel, what do you wear for Sunday?

Squirrel

Fur for Sunday,
Fur for Monday,
Fur for Tuesday, —

Girl

That is enough. You can't go to church, because you wear your best clothes on ironing day. Frog, frog, what do you wear for Sunday?

Frog

Skin for Sunday,
Skin for Monday, —

Girl

That is enough. You can't go to church, because you wear your best clothes on washing day.

(Girl turns away with a toss of the head and walks out of the door. A voice from back of room reads:)

Voice

So the little girl went to church all alone, and wore the skin she had on all the week, and over it clothing of wool that the sheep had given her and of fur that the squirrel had given her.

In her hat she had a feather from the tail of the bird, and in her hand she carried a purse made of scales from the fish ; while the pretty hair

that fell over her shoulders kept
dancing to a little tune in her heart
that sang :—

 Curls for Sunday,

 Curls for Monday,

 Curls for Tuesday,

 Curls for Wednesday,

 Curls for Thursday,

 Curls for Friday,

 Curls for Saturday,

 Curls for Sunday.

THE FAIRY

A DIALOGUE

Susie

I am a fairy.

Grandma

Are you? I hope you are a good fairy.

Susie

Oh, yes! There are no bad fairies.

Grandma

Then I am glad you have come to see me. What can I do for you?

Susie

Nothing at all. I must do something for you.

Grandma

Very well, then, what will you do for me?

Susie

I will give you three wishes.

Grandma

Oh, how lucky I am! I was just wishing for some one to thread my needle.

Susie

I will send you a little girl. (*Leaves room and returns.*) I believe you are Susie's Grandma. A good fairy sent me to thread your needle.

Grandma

Oh, thank you! And thank the good fairy, too. Here is the needle, and here is the thread. (*Pantomime.*)

Susie

There is the needle, all threaded,
Susie's Grandma. Is there anything
else that a little girl can do for you ?

Grandma

Not that I think of just at present.

Susie

Then I will send the fairy back to
you. (*Goes out and comes in again.*) Here
I am again, Susie's Grandma. You
may have two more wishes.

Grandma

I wish I had a daisy and a butter-
cup.

Susie

You may have them both for one
wish.

(*Runs out and comes back with real or make-
believe blossoms.*)

Grandma

Thank you, thank you, kind fairy !
I had to say "Thank you " twice because there are two flowers. Now, have I one more wish ?

Susie

One more. Only one, remember, so wish for something very, very good.

Grandma

I wish my little granddaughter would come and kiss me.

Susie

I will send her to you.

(Backs out with a bow and runs in with arms flying in air. Rushes up to Grandma, throws arms around neck, and kisses her again and again.)

GUESS, AND GUESS AGAIN

Willie

Guess what I have in my pocket.

Ned

I can't guess. Tell me, won't you?

Willie

No, you'll have to guess.

Ned

Who gave it to you?

Willie

No one gave it to me.

Ned

Where did you buy it?

Willie

I didn't buy it.

Ned

How did you get it?

Willie

I found it.

Ned

How did it get into your pocket?

Willie

It just grew there.

Ned

What color is it?

Willie

No color at all.

Ned

Is it a marble?

Willie

No; marbles don't grow.

Ned

Who planted it?

Willie

Nobody.

Ned

Is it hard or soft?

Willie

It isn't either hard or soft.

Ned

You're teasing me.

Willie

No, indeed, I am not!

Ned

Is it good to eat?

Willie

Not a bit of it.

Ned

What is it good for?

Willie.

It isn't good for anything.

Ned

I don't believe you have anything.

Willie

Yes, I have, too !

Ned

Will you give me half, if I guess it?

Willie

I can't get it out of my pocket.

Ned

I can't guess it.

E

Willie

Do you give it up?

Ned

Yes. What is it?

Willie

It's a hole.

— *The Primary School.*

THE END OF THE WORLD

SCENE. *Hen Pen and Chicken Licken are hunting for bugs in the grass. Child representing rose bush, stands holding a very small bunch of paper in each extended hand. Chicken Licken wanders under a limb of the rose bush and a bunch of paper falls on her head.*

Chicken Licken

(Running to Hen Pen). Oh, Hen Pen !
The world's come to an end !

Hen Pen

How do you know, Chicken
Licken ?

Chicken Licken

I saw it with my eyes, I heard it
with my ears, and a piece of it fell
on my head.

(Duck Luck appears on the scene, waddling.)

Duck Luck

Quack-quack-quack !

Hen Pen

Oh, Duck Luck ! The world's come
to an end !

Duck Luck

How do you know, Hen Pen ?

Hen Pen

Chicken Licken told me.

Duck Luck

How do you know, Chicken
Licken ?

Chicken Licken

I saw it with my eyes, I heard it
with my ears, and a piece of it fell
on my head.

(Goose Loose approaches, stretching out neck.)

Goose Loose

S-s-s !

Duck Luck

Oh, Goose Loose ! The world's
come to an end !

Goose Loose

How do you know, Duck Luck ?

Duck Luck

Hen Pen told me.

Goose Loose

How do you know, Hen Pen ?

Hen Pen

Chicken Licken told me.

Goose Loose

How do you know, Chicken Licken ?

Chicken Licken

I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head !

(Gander Lander approaches, stretching out neck.)

Gander Lander

S-s-s !

Goose Loose

Oh, Gander Lander ! the world's come to an end !

Gander Lander

How do you know, Goose Loose ?

Goose Loose

Duck Luck told me.

Gander Lander

How do you know, Duck Luck ?

Duck Luck

Hen Pen told me.

Gander Lander

How do you know, Hen Pen ?

Hen Pen

Chicken Licken told me.

Gander Lander

How do you know, Chicken Licken ?

• *Chicken Licken*

I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head.

(Turkey Lurkey approaches.)

Turkey Lurkey

Gobble-gobble-gobble !

Gander Lander

Oh, Turkey Lurkey ! The world's
come to an end !

Turkey Lurkey

How do you know, Gander
Lander ?

Gander Lander

Goose Loose told me.

Turkey Lurkey

How do you know, Goose Loose ?

Goose Loose

Duck Luck told me.

Turkey Lurkey

How do you know, Duck Luck ?

Duck Luck

Hen Pen told me.

Turkey Lurkey

How do you know, Hen Pen ?

Hen Pen

Chicken Licken told me.

Turkey Lurkey

How do you know, Chicken Licken ?

Chicken Licken

I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my head.

(Fox Lox approaches, stealing silently and crouching as if to spring upon his prey. All fly in great disorder, crying respectively : Peep-peep ! Cluck-cluck ! Quack-quack ! S-s-s ! and Gobble-gobble !)

FIDO'S DRINK

(PANTOMIME)

SCENE. *Mother is sewing; the cook is rolling pie crust; baby is playing with blocks on the floor.*

Fido runs up to the cook and cries shrilly, "Yap! yap!" Cook pays no attention.

Fido runs to mother, whines, and takes a bit of her sleeve between his teeth, pulling it. Mother brushes him away.

Fido jumps about baby, barking, whining, and pretending to lick his face. Baby takes up a block as if to strike him with it, then throws it down, and caresses him. The two roll over on the floor together in play.

A sound is heard, and Fido jumps up, looks and



listens. "Click!" goes the sound again, and Fido dances off to meet a little girl who approaches. He dances about her on all fours, yapping and barking, then takes a bit of her skirt between his teeth and takes her over to the corner where the cook is still at work.

Little girl suddenly shows by her manner that she understands him, and places a pan of water on the floor. Fido takes a drink.

THE READING LESSON

Fido

Please Cook, give me a drink!
I'm very thirsty.

Cook

Hm-m-m ! (*Hums a tune.*)

Fido

Please, Mistress, give me a drink !
It's a warm day, and I'm so thirsty !

Mistress

Run away, Fido, and don't tear my dress. I don't understand dog-talk.

Fido

Please, Baby, give me a drink ! I am so thirsty !

Baby

Don't knock my blocks over, Fido. If you do, I'll hit you. No, I won't. We'll have a good play.

Fido

Oh, I'm so glad you've come, little Mistress ! Please give me a drink. I'm very thirsty, and no one understands me.

Little Girl

Why, Fido ! What can you want ? What are you pulling my dress for ?

Where are you taking me? Oh, I see! You want a drink. Poor, thirsty little doggie! You shall have all the water you want.

— *Adapted from the Culture Readers, by permission of Charles E. Merrill Company.*



THE DAY'S EYE

(A *DIALOGUE*)

Daisy

How did you come to name me
after a flower, Mama?

Mama

Because, dear, we were very glad
you came to us. It seemed like the
beginning of a new day. Do you
know what daisy means?

Daisy

No, Mama.

Mama

I wonder if you could guess if I
told you something about it.

Daisy

Let me try, Mama.

Mama

Well, long ago, when the earth was young, as the fairy stories say, the daisies bloomed in the field just as they do now.

Daisy

Is this going to be a fairy story, Mama?

Mama

No. It is a truly true story. There were the daisy fields, then as now, and just as pretty.

Daisy

I can see the pretty blossoms, bobbing about in the wind and sun.

Mama

Yes, dear, that is what they did, and the people loved them, but as yet they had not been named.

Daisy

Then I suppose the people just called them flowers.

Mama

I suppose so. But they began to feel the need of a particular name for the bright little flower with its yellow heart and white frill.

Daisy

I should think so! When they said just "flowers," nobody would know which flower they meant.

Mama

Exactly so. Every kind of thing has to have a name to itself if we are to talk about it easily. Well, you know, people were early risers in those days.

Daisy

Was that the time when nearly every one lived in the country ?

Mama

Yes. And when the people went into the fields early in the morning, the daisies looked like a lot of bright eyes that had just opened after being closed in sleep all night.

Daisy

I can see them all winking, just so.

(Shuts eyes very tightly and opens them very wide several times.)

Mama

Well, if the day had just awakened, what might you call the daisy?

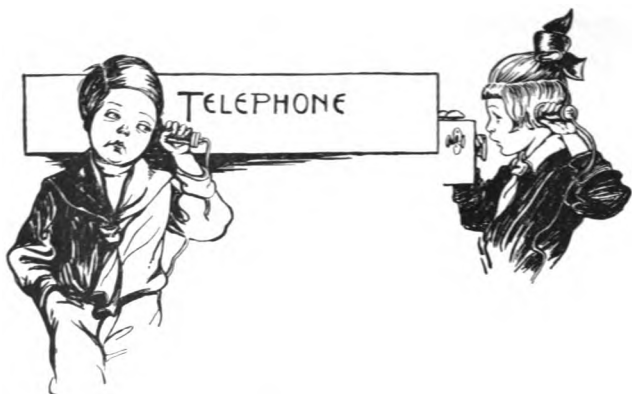
Daisy

(Jumping about and clapping her hands.)

Oh, I know, Mama! The day's eye.

Mama

That is what they named the dear little flower. And that is what we named you, dear.



THE TELEPHONE

Two paper tubes hanging in opposite corners of the room. Little girl holds one to ear and talks into imaginary mouthpiece.

Jill

Hello, Central !

Central

(A mysterious voice from the back of the room. Child playing Central muffles her voice with her hand.)

Hello !

Jill

Give me 1, 2, 3, Tumble Down, D.

Central

(Muffles voice and runs her words together.)

One-two-three - tumble - down-de.
Click! *(Bell rings.)*

Jack

(Runs to place and seizes tube.)

Hello !

Jill

Hello ! Is that Jack ?

Jack

Yes. Who are you?

Jill

I'm Jill. What are you doing ?

Jack

Reading my new birthday book.
It's jolly!—all about Dick Dead-
eye and the Whale Hunters.

Jill

Whale *hunters*? I thought the
whale was a fish.

Jack

He isn't, though! What do you
want me for? I'm in a hurry.

Jill

Won't your book wait until to-
morrow?

Jack

That whale's a swimmer!

Jill

Well, Dick Deadeye will find you another one if he gets away. I want you to come over here.

Jack

What for?

Jill

That's telling.

Jack

Oh, come, now!

Jill

Do you want to know very much?

Jack

I'd give a cooky to know.

Jill

I want to wish you a happy birthday.

Jack

Thanks, awfully ! But can't you say it over the phone ?

Jill

Not as it should be said.

Jack

I know what you want to do.

Jill

What ?

Jack

Give me nine good slaps.

Jill

You won't grow if you don't get them.

Jack

Ha-ha-ha ! The murder's out.

Jill

Aren't you coming ?

Jack

I hear Dick Deadeye whistling for me.

Jill

Well, happy birthday anyway!
And — listen ! — *m ! m ! m ! m ! m !*
m ! m ! m ! m ! (*Jerks out the exclamations shortly.*) Did you get them ?

Jack

Yes, and I'm growing so fast I'll have a moustache by night.

Jill

All right ! Good-by !

Jack

Last tag ! and good-by !

(*Children dispose of tubes, and take seats.*)

ANIMAL TRADES

George

Let's play some sort of a guessing game. What shall it be?

Annie

We might each be some kind of an animal, and tell what we do for a living.

Jack

That's a good idea. I'm a mason and carpenter. I build a wall and plaster it with mud. I cut down trees and build my house mostly of wood.

Ida

Oh, I know! You're a beaver.

Jack

That's right. Now it's your turn to be something.

Ida

I sew my house together.

George

Oh, what a house! But I know what you make it of. You take a leaf or two. You're a tailor bird.

Ida

(With a proud toss of the head.)

I call myself an oriole. But it's your turn, George.

George

Oh, I know what I'll do for a living! It's just as good as keeping a candy store. I'll make something sweet, sweet, sweet. I'll go from flower to flower, and gather — I won't say what, because that would be telling.

Annie

I know! You're a bee.

George

Here me buzz! Z-z-z-z-z!

Annie

Then I guessed right, and it's my turn. Let me see! What shall I be? I'm very tiny. I can carry a load bigger than myself. I think I shall call myself a miner, because I

go down into the earth. But I don't go for coal or iron. I make my home there.

George

A mole?

Annie

No, very much smaller than that.

Ida

A worm?

Annie

No, smaller than that.

Frank

I know! An ant.

Annie

The game's up, for Frank has guessed right, and we have all had a turn.

— *The Primary School.*

THE WORKERS

SCENE. *Madam Weather sits in the teacher's high chair, or is otherwise raised to view. Two children flit irregularly about, moving their arms like wings. One leaps about like a frog or grasshopper. Three walk soberly from place to place, pretending to work.*

Madam Weather

'Tis summer. Who likes to play?

Butterfly

(Pausing in her flight and moving her wings slowly, as if at rest on a leaf.)

I like to play. I am a butterfly.
I like to fan the warm, soft air
with my velvet wings. I like to

sip the sweet honey from the hearts
of all the flowers.

Fly

I like to play. I am a little fly.
I like to flit hither and thither in
the sunny air. I do nothing but
buzz and eat.

Grasshopper

I like to play. I am a grasshop-
per. I like to leap over the insects
that crawl, and look down upon
them as I pass. I am proud of my
strong legs, and like to exercise
them. I do nothing but skip about
and eat. I can eat nearly every-
thing that grows.

*(As butterfly, fly, and grasshopper finish speak-
ing they resume their antics.)*

Madam Weather

'Tis summer. Who likes to work?

Bee

I like to work. I am a bee. I like to gather honey from the clover blossoms. I like to work in the buckwheat. I carry home most of the honey for my winter food.

(Resumes work.)

Ant

I like to work. I am a little ant. I have made me a home in the earth. Don't step on it, please! I am putting away my winter food there now. I work hard all day long.

(Resumes work.)

Beaver

I like to work. I am a beaver. I can cut down a tree. I can build a dam across the stream. That makes a pond. In the pond I build my house. Then I put away my winter food in it.

(Resumes work.)

Madam Weather

'Tis winter. Who wants to rest?

Fly, Butterfly, and Grasshopper

(Group themselves before Madam Weather, leaning on one another, as if weary. Speak slowly and sleepily.)

We want to rest. We have never done any work—yet we feel very tired. Perhaps we played too hard. We might as well have been work-

ing, maybe; but we never thought of winter. We should like to creep into some nice, warm place and have nothing to do but eat. But we have no homes and no winter food.

(Sink slowly to floor and lie doubled up in various attitudes as if asleep.)

Bee, Ant, and Beaver

(Stand together erect and speak in firm, clear tones.)

We shall be glad to rest. We have our homes and our winter food. Our work is done for the year.

(Join hands, bow to Madam Weather, separate, and walk to seats.)

— *Adapted from the Culture Readers, by permission of Charles E. Merrill Company.*

THE BEE'S STORY

Little Girl

Busy bee, busy bee, where is your home?

Bee

In truth, little maiden, I live in a comb.

Girl

That is a funny place to live in. Tell me all about it.

Bee

Do you mean all about myself? If so, I'll begin at the beginning.

Girl

Yes, tell me all about yourself, please.

Bee

Well, in the beginning I was an egg, like the little bird. Only, I was a very tiny egg.

Girl

Yes, I suppose so.

Bee

When I came out of the shell, I was a very helpless little grub. The bees fed me with pollen.

Girl

What is pollen?

Bee

We get pollen from the flowers. It is a kind of dust. See—I have some on my back and legs now.

Girl

Oh, yes,—that yellow stuff. I see.

Bee

They fed me with pollen for five days. Then I fell asleep and the bees covered me with wax.

Girl

What a funny blanket!

Bee

When I awoke, I was a little bee. I was very tiny. The bees had to take care of me. I was one of their babies. They had a great many babies.

Girl

You must have kept them busy!

Bee

They fed us every day with bee-bread. We make the bee-bread of

pollen. It is brown and bitter. You would not like it, but we did. They filled the hive with honey, so that we would always have something to eat.

Girl

Ah, that sounds better !

Bee

Some day I will tell you what happened when I grew up. I cannot stop now. I have my day's work to finish.

Girl

Why must you work so hard ?

Bee

There are baby bees at home to be fed, and we are laying up stores of honey for the winter. I must

gather all the pollen and honey I can before night. We bees are very busy people. Didn't you ever hear the saying, "Busy as a bee"? So good-by, little girl! Z-z-z-z-z!

UMBRELLAS

SCENE. *Mother sewing in corner of room.*

Two little girls as small and as nearly alike as possible playing Peas Porridge Hot. In rushes big brother.

Major

It's raining cats and dogs and pitchforks! Where's there an umbrella?

(Little girls run to window.)

Mother

My son, if it is raining pitchforks, you will be safer in the house. I would not trust to an umbrella.



Major

Oh, well ! they're coming handles down — and I can dodge them.

(Dodges, as if to escape a descending pitchfork.)

Mother

(Nodding toward children.)

You see *they* believe you. They're looking for the cats and dogs.

Major

(Runs to children, puts an arm around each, and draws them away to a low seat, where he sits down and takes them on his knees. If Major is too near the size of the little sisters, they can kneel on the floor and rest their elbows on his knees.)

There, you dear little geese ! Now keep still while I tell you what I saw

to-day. Every living creature but myself had an umbrella.

Lily

Not the birds ?

Major

Cock Robin sat under an oak leaf.

Rose

Not the cows ?

Major

Madam Brindle stood under a tree.

Both Sisters

Not the bees !

Major

Sir Bumble crept into a flower.

Rose

Not the wood mice !

Major

The wood mouse ran under a toad-stool.

Lily

Not the frogs !

Major

They all jumped into the pond and swam out under the lily pads.

Both Sisters

(*Laughing.*)

But they got wet, just the same.

Major

They blinked out at the rain from under their shelter as if they felt very comfortable.

Rose

Not the ducks !

Major

Ah, there you have me. The ducks waddled out into the rain just as if they had never heard of umbrellas. And the dear little geese stayed at home and heard about it all.

(Kisses them both, rises, takes an umbrella, and passes out of the door, kissing his hand to the children, who clap their hands and laugh.)

— *From the Culture Readers, by permission of Charles E. Merrill Company.*

A LITTLE MAN

Louis

(Books under arm.)

Oh dear! I wish I didn't have to go to school. Everything plays but little boys. Here's a swallow. *(Whistles.)* Swallow, swallow, come here and play with me.

Swallow

(A little girl who has been flitting from corner to corner of the room, waving her arms like wings.)

Indeed, little boy, I have not one moment to play with you. I have so much work to do.

Boy

Work! A swallow work? You're joking.

Swallow

No, indeed! I am at work this very minute, looking for mud and sticks and straws and feathers to build my nest with. Then there will be the family to take care of all summer.

Boy

Well, well! Who would have thought of a happy little bird like you working; but what you say is true. You do have to build your nests and feed your little ones, or else there would be no more swallows.

Swallow

Good-by, little boy!

(Flies to seat.)

Boy

Good-by, swallow! Ah, here's a caterpillar. Guess I'll poke him up a little and see what he'll do. Will you play with me, caterpillar?

Caterpillar

(A boy has approached quietly on all fours and pretends to be eating the seat of a chair as if it were a leaf. Raises head and looks at Boy when gently poked with pencil.)

Please don't hinder me in my work.

Boy

(Starts back in astonishment.)

Oh, Mama! It can talk! Work, did you say? Why, you do nothing but eat.

*Caterpillar*

That is a caterpillar's work. I've got to eat many times my weight before the summer is over.

H

Boy

And that's where all the pretty leaves go! Well, I'm glad Mr. Swallow works too! Can't you do with less food?

Caterpillar

I could, but I should not grow to very full size, and I should not have enough of the right kind of stuff in me to make my hammock bed and blankets for winter.

Boy

Oh, I know what you mean. You mean that bag you hang yourself up in while you are turning into a butterfly.

Caterpillar

(Proudly.)

I mean my chrysalis, little boy.

Boy

Yes, I know it has a fine name, and we boys have to spell it. I'd rather you'd call it a b-a-g, bag.

Caterpillar

You boys are too lazy for any use.

Poodle

Yap, yap, yap!

Boy

Ah, here's Joe Wilson's dog Danger. He'll play with me.

(Puts out hand to pet poodle, who dances away from him.)

Poodle

No, indeed! I've no time to play. I've just saved the house, and I must run back and take care of it.

But I'll let you pass, since I know who you are.

Boy

Of course you will. But how did you save the house?

Poodle

A bad man came into the garden, and I ran in and told Mrs. Wilson. He was coming right for the house when she went to the door. In another minute he would have been inside.

Boy

And what kept him out?

Poodle

Mrs. Wilson called "Danger, Danger!" She had shut me in the

kitchen so that I couldn't get at the man, but that was all the better.

Boy

(Laughing.)

I should think so! But how did you save the house?

Poodle

Why, when the man heard the name Mrs. Wilson called me, he thought there must be a big bull dog about, and he went away as quickly as he could.

Boy

Then it was your name, not you, that saved the house.

Poodle

But I told her, didn't I? And all night long I sleep with one ear

open, listening for noises that I don't like. If a stranger should come, I'd have the family awake very quickly.

Boy

Yes, I know. You're a useful little dog. But we boys have to learn to read and write.

Poodle

Yes, and you boys will be men. Think of that!

Boy

That's true. It's a great thing to be a man. I shall live several times as long as the longest-lived dog, and shall learn to do a great many wonderful things.

Poodle

Yes, indeed! And if you're going to do the very best that a man can do in your long life, you haven't much time to waste in coaxing other people away from their work.

Boy

(Tossing up his cap.)

Hurrah! I never thought of it before, but what a great thing it is to be a boy! That means that I'm going to be a man some day. I must get to work! Good-by, Danger!

Poodle

Yap, yap!

OFF FOR DREAMLAND

MY BED IS A BOAT

Read by voice at back of room. The verses below should be committed to memory. Class should be encouraged to dramatize other favorite poems.

My bed is like a little boat ;
Nurse helps me in when I embark ;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.
At night I go on board and say
“ Good-night ” to all my friends on shore ;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

All night across the dark we steer ;
 But when the day returns at last,
 Safe in my room, beside the pier,
 I find my vessel fast.

R. L. STEVENSON.

Nurse

Come, Willy-boy ! It's time to go
 to bed.

Willy

But I'm not going to bed, Nursey.

Nurse

Not going to bed ? Where are
 you going ? To Miss Lilly White's
 party ? (*Pretends to undress the child.*)

Willy

Not to-night.

Nurse

Where then ? To the Land of
 Counterpane ?

Willy

Not to-night.

Nurse

May I go with you where you are going?

Willy

No, Nursey. No one can go with me. But perhaps you will come to see me there.

Nurse

That will be nice. And where is it to be?

Willy

I am going out in my sailboat, all alone.

Nurse

Not in your nightgown, I hope!

Willy

No, Nursey. In my mackintosh. You don't call things by their right names.

Nurse .

And is this your mackintosh that I am putting over your head ?

Willy

Yes, Nursey. But it is black and stiff and shiny. You think it is white and soft. You don't see things in their right colors.

Nurse

And is this your sailboat ?

Willy

Yes, Nursey. But you think you are lifting me into it. You are not.

You are pulling the boat up to the shore, and I am getting in myself.

Nurse

And how far will you sail?

Willy

Oh, far, far away! Farther than you ever went in a railroad car.

Nurse

And what will you see?

Willy

Oh, all sorts of things. Tops that talk and kites that take little boys riding, and giants that I shall kill, and fairies that will light the way for me.

Nurse

And shall you say "Good-by!" before you go?

Willy

Not "Good-by," because I may meet you there. Besides I am coming back in the morning.

Nurse

Then you will surely say "Good-night !"

Willy

Yes, Nursey. Kiss me good-night and sing me a song of the sea.

Nurse

(Singing.)

Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea !
Low, low,
Breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and
 blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one,
While my pretty one, sleeps.

(*Sleepily.*) *Willy*

I hear you, Nurse. My boat is
sailing far from land. I am rocking
on the waves of the deep, deep sea.
Your voice sounds far away, but I
can hear it still. Keep on singing
till I am out of sight.

(*Singing.*) *Nurse*

Sleep and rest,
Sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest,
On mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the
nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one,
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep!

AN ALPHABET GAME

A leader may call the letters orally, or the teacher may summon them silently by writing them in order on the blackboard.

A, being thus summoned, walks to the front and makes her announcement. As her enemies increase in numbers she retreats into a corner, they following until the overwhelmed pie is quite lost to sight behind the increasing group.

(A speaks.)

I am an apple pie. My name is A.

I am B. I shall bite you.

I am C. I shall cut you.

I am D. I shall divide you into six pieces for my family.

I am E. I shall eat you.

I am F. I shall fight for my share of you.

I am G. I shall get you.

I am H. I shall have you.

I am I. I shall put icing on you.

I am J. I shall jump for you.

I am K. I shall keep you.

I am L. I shall love you.

I am M. I shall make a meal of you.

I am N. I shall nibble your edges off.

I am an ogre. My name is O. I shall offer you to my hungry children.

I am P. I shall put you into my mouth.

I am Q. I shall quarter you and eat all four pieces.

I am R. I shall run after you.

I am S. I shall save you for my supper.

I am T. I shall take you.

I am U. I shall understand what to do with you.

I am V. I vow I shall make you vanish down my throat.

I am W. I want you.

I am an ox. My name is X. I will excuse you.

(The ox returns to his seat.)

I am a Yankee. My name is Y. I'll have you yet, if I have to work a year for you.

I am a Zebra. My name is Z. I'll
never buzz for you.

(Zebra returns to seat.)

SONG TO CLOSE

(Tune, "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom."

*Letters turn, regroup themselves, facing seats,
and sing:)*

Oh, how we all love apple pie,

Excepting X and Z!

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

But our brothers now must join us

*(Beckoning to X and Z, who come forward and
join in the chorus.)*

For we're in the majority,

Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Union forever!

Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

We, as you see us,
Make all the books there are.
So it's rally round the flag, boys,
And live on apple pie,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
*(Roll-call. Leader calls off the letters in order in
a sharp, authoritative tone, and each in turn
answers "Here!" and goes to seat.)*

THE HOURS

This dialogue may be merely read, parts being assigned. The hours should stand in a line in front of the class. If acted, the children may study their parts and give them in their own words unless the piece is being prepared for some special occasion. The pauses to separate the hours need not be more than a few seconds each, just long enough for the silence to be felt. The "ng" in "ding" should be prolonged in a ringing voice long enough to count one.

One O'clock

Ding-ng-ng !

Mouse

(Stealing out from seat.)

Is the cat about ? If she is, I hope that noisy clock hasn't waked her.

It shouldn't strike the hours when I want it to be very still, so that I may hear Pussy's soft steps. Oh, there she is !

(Another child comes stealing to the front. Mouse runs softly back to seat. Puss takes stand at point of disappearance. A pause.)

Two O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng-ng !

Cat

Where did that mouse go ? I'm sure she went into this hole. I've been waiting here an hour for her. I think I'll go back to my cushion.

(Retires. A pause.)

Three O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng !

Rooster

Cock-a-doodle-do !

Wake up, Johnny, do !

Run and find your shoe !

Call your sister Sue !

(Rooster should crow from back of room and prolong the oo at the end of each cry. A pause.)

Four O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng.

Housekeeper

(In a sleepy voice, speaking from her seat.)

Dear me ! I hear wheels. It must be the milkman. How glad I am I don't have to get up and attend to him.

(A pause.)

Five O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng!

Baker

(Coming out noisily and making a speaking tube of his hands.)

Ba — a — ker! Want any rolls this morning?

Housekeeper

(Sleepily.)

I won't answer him. It's a new man, but he must have our name on his list. Let him look at that.

(Baker examines a slip of paper, pretends to deposit a loaf, and retires. A pause.)

Six O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng!

Housekeeper

Well, I suppose I'll have to get up if breakfast is to be ready by half past seven. If that new baker didn't leave any bread, I'll have to make biscuit.

(Remains in seat. A pause.)

Seven O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng !

Little Girl

(Sleepily, speaking from seat.)

Was that the clock striking seven ? Then I've got to get up. I don't half like to, this cold morning. Zh-zh-zh !
(Shivering.) But I must be in time for breakfast.

(Remains in her seat. A pause.)

Eight O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,
ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng !

Postman

(Whistling through his fingers.)

Let — ter !

*(Housekeeper comes forward, takes letter silently,
and examines address. Both retire. A
pause.)*

Nine O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,
ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,
ding-ng, ding-ng-ng !

Class

(Sings opening hymn. A pause.)

Ten O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,
ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,
ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng-ng !

Teacher

Let us have a few exercises, children.

(Puts class through some short movement from the course in Physical Culture. A pause.)

Eleven O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng!

Monitor

(Stepping forward.)

Time for recess, children. Let's play Peas Porridge Hot.

(Class in couples play the game. A pause.)

Twelve O'clock

Ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,

ng, ding-ng, ding-ng, ding-ng,
ding-ng-ng !

Monitor

Dinner hour. Put on your wraps,
children.

*(Children make a feint of putting on coats, hats,
and mittens until teacher calls to order.)*



A CHRISTMAS JOKE

Mamie

(Hastening forward excitedly.)

Merry Christmas, Susie! I was
just coming over to your house.

Susie

(Smiling quietly.)

Merry Christmas! And I was coming over to your house.

Mamie

I wanted to tell you all that was in my stocking this morning.

Susie

And I wanted to ask you what you found in it.

Mamie

And yours, too? What was in it?

Susie

All that I wanted was there.

Mamie

Oh, I had so many things.

Susie

And I had only one thing.

Mamie

Did one thing fill a stocking? It must have been a doll. I have a new doll, too, but it was on the Christmas tree.

Susie

So was mine.

Mamie

Oh, but my stocking was full right to the top!

Susie

So was mine.

Mamie

I told Mama I wished I'd hung up both mine. I believe Santa Claus would have filled them both.

Susie

Both mine were filled.

Mamie

And a Christmas tree too! My!
But Santa Claus must have been
kind to you.

Susie

But all he brought me was on the
tree.

Mamie

I thought you said he filled both
your stockings.

Susie

No ; I only said they were both
filled.

Mamie

To the top?

Susie

To the very top.

Mamie

Who filled them ?

Susie

Somebody.

Mamie

Where did you hang them ?

Susie

I didn't hang them anywhere.

Mamie

Then how did you get them filled ?

Susie

I put them on.

THE ECHO

(A DIALOGUE).

CHARACTERS { ROBERT
WILLIAM
ECHO

I

Robert

(Supposed to be in the woods.)

Here, Rover !

Echo

(Child secreted.)

Here, Rover !

Robert

Who's that ?

Echo

Who's that ?

Robert

(Angrily.)

Do you want to know who it is ?

Echo

Who it is ?

Robert

Come over here, and I'll tell you !

Echo

I'll tell you !

Robert

Where are you, any way ?

Echo

Any way !

Robert

You're afraid to show yourself !

Echo

Show yourself !

Robert

Look here, you chump ! I'll have you arrested.

Echo

Have you arrested.

Robert

Me arrested ! Why, this is my father's place.

Echo

My father's place.

II

William

What's the matter, Robert ? Having a quarrel with your echo ?

Echo

Your echo ?

Robert

See there ! He says it's *your* echo.
There's a bad boy over there !

Echo

Over there !

Robert

He said he'd have me arrested.

Echo

Arrested !

Robert

Hear that ! He repeats every-
thing I say.

Echo

I say.

William

Ha-ha ! Here's a boy that doesn't
know any better than to call him-
self names.

Echo

Self names !

Robert

I never did such a thing in my life.

Echo

In my life.

*William*See there ! Echo says he didn't
either.*Echo*

Didn't either.

*Robert*I don't see why you don't get angry
with him.*Echo*

With him !

III

*William*Do you know what I'd look like if
I did ?

If I did ? *Echo*

(*Wonderingly.*) *Robert*

No.

Echo

No.

William

I'll show you. (*Takes out a pocket mirror and holds it before Robert.*) Do you see that boy in there ?

In there ? *Echo*

Robert

Yes. What of it ?

Echo

What of it ?

William

Shake your fist at him.

Echo

At him !

Robert

I won't do such a silly thing.

Echo

Silly thing.

William

Tell him he's a bad boy.

Echo

Bad boy.

Robert

I won't.

Echo

I won't.

William

Tell him you'll have him arrested.

Echo

Arrested.

*Robert**(Laughing.)*

Do you think I'm going to talk to
myself that way ?

Echo

That way ?

William

But that's just what you've been doing.

Echo

Been doing !

Robert

How so ?

Echo

How so ?

William

When you look in the glass, you see yourself. When echo answers, you hear yourself.

Echo

Hear yourself.

Robert

Is that all ?

Echo

That all ?

William

Yes, that's all. Good-by !

(Passes on and disappears.)

Echo

Good-by !

IV

Robert

(After a moment's deep thought.)

Echo, is that true ?

Echo

That true ?

Robert

Are you only my voice come back
to me ?

Echo

Back to me ?

Robert

Shall we be friends ?

Echo

Be friends ?

Robert

How do you do, Echo ?

Echo

Do, Echo ?

Robert

How are you to-day ?

Echo

You to-day ?

Robert

Are you very well ?

Echo

Very well ?

Robert

Hurrah !

Echo

Hurrah.

Robert

What's the matter with Echo ?
He's all right !

Echo

He's all right !

Robert

I see how it is.

Echo

How it is.

Robert

The trees are a kind of looking
glass.

Echo

Looking glass.

Robert

The looking glass hangs on the
wall.

Echo

On the wall.

Robert

When I go to it, I see my face.

Echo

See my face.

Robert

The trees stay right here.

Echo

Right here.

Robert

When I come to them, I hear my voice.

Echo

Hear my voice.

Robert

Echo, you're a nice fellow !

Echo

Nice fellow !

Robert

I'll come and play with you again some day. Good-by !

Echo

Good-by !

PAYING TOLL

Tommy

You can't come here. This is my pump.

Molly

It's your father's pump.

Tommy

That's the same as if it were mine.

Molly

But your father always lets me get water here.

Tommy

Well, I'm not going to unless you pay toll.

Molly

What's toll?

Tommy

Toll is what you pay when you cross the bridge.

Molly

But I crossed the bridge without paying toll.

Tommy

That's because I wasn't there.

Molly

You're not in earnest.

Tommy

Why don't you get your water if I'm not?

Molly

You wouldn't be such a mean boy as that.

Tommy

I'm not a boy. I'm the toll-man.

Molly

Oh, I see! You're playing.

Tommy

Pay your toll and you can have the water.

Molly

What do you want me to pay you?

Tommy

One pin.

Molly

But I haven't a pin.

Tommy

Then you can't have any water.

Molly

But Aunt Mary's come, and it's a hot day, and Mama wants to give her a cooling drink.

Tommy

Then get the toll from your mother.

Molly

But I don't want to go all the way back for it. Will you lend me a pin?

Tommy

I haven't one to lend you. Boys don't keep pins about them.

Molly

I see one in your trousers band. You must have put it there when you were not thinking.

Tommy

Oh yes! I forgot I had that one. But I won't lend it to you.

L

Molly

Why not ?

Tommy

Because people never pay back pins. They say "Lend me a 'pin,'" but they mean "Give me one."

Molly

I don't. I'll pay it back, truly.

Tommy

When ? To-morrow ?

Molly

To-day. I'll come right back with it.

Tommy

Honest Injun ?

Molly

Honest Injun !

Tommy

Cross your heart?

Molly

Cross my heart !

Tommy

All right ! I'll lend it to you and you can pay toll with it. Here it is.

Molly

Thank you ! Here's the toll, Mr. Toll-man.

Tommy

Now you can take a pitcher of water. But don't forget your promise.

SAVING DOLLY'S LIFE

Doctor

(Sitting down, laying hat and cane beside him on the floor, and putting on spectacles.)

Good morning, madam ! Did you telephone for me ?

Mother

(Holding doll on lap.)

Yes, indeed, I did, doctor ! Baby has been sick all night. I think it must be measles.

Doctor

Hm ! Ha ! Yes, I see. She seems to have a great deal of fever. Let me see her tongue.

Mother

But, Doctor, she can't put her tongue out. She's too far gone.

Doctor

As bad as that? My dear lady, I don't want to frighten you, but your child has lockjaw. She may not live more than half an hour.

Mother

Oh, dear me! Then what shall I do for a baby? Tabby won't do. Jip won't do. Wouldn't it save her life, Doctor, to give her a ride in your express cart?

Doctor

My express cart, Madam?

Mother

Oh, I beg your pardon! I mean your carriage. I forgot you were the doctor. There, there, baby! Don't cry!

Doctor

I think I'll leave you now.

Mother

But, Doctor! I think I see her smile. She may get well after all.

Doctor

Let me feel her pulse. (*Takes dolly's hand.*) Yes, she is growing stronger. She must have something to eat. What is this you have here?

Mother

A piece of plum cake, Doctor. I fear that is too rich for the baby.

Doctor

Let me see if it is. (*Tries it.*)

Mother

Oh, Doctor! What a big bite!

Doctor

Yes, but I shall have to taste it again to make quite sure. It wouldn't do to give a sick baby the wrong kind of food.

Mother

But, Doctor, you have eaten all my plum cake! Now I have nothing to give the baby.

Doctor

Give her a cracker. That will do her more good. I had to eat the

cake. It was the only way to save her life.

Mother

I hope you won't charge very much for eating it, Doctor !

Doctor

Oh, no ; I won't send you a bill till my next visit. Good day, Madam !

Mother

Good-by, Doctor.

(Sees him to the door.)

— *From the Culture Readers, by permission of Charles E. Merrill Company.*

SPELLING CONSTANTINOPLE

Teacher

Let's play school. Who can spell Constantinople ?

Five Pupils

(All raising hands.)

I can, Miss Books ! I can, Miss Books !

Teacher

Very well. Let me hear you. All stand in line. *(Arranges them.)* Number One, you begin it.

First Pupil

C-o-n, Con, with a Con.

Teacher

Very good. Next !

Second Pupil

S-t-a-n, stan, with a stan, with a
Constan.

Teacher

That's right. Next !

Third Pupil

T-i, ti, with a ti, with a Constanti.

Teacher

Better still. Next !

Fourth Pupil

N-o, no, with a no, with a Con-
stantino.

Teacher

You have learned your lesson well.
Next !

Fifth Pupil

P-l-e, ple, with a ple, with a Constantinople.

Teacher

There! I always said I had the best class in the school. You may take recess.

(Pupils march to seats singing, "We now can spell Constantinople.")



THE NEW MAN

Teddie

There's a new man come to stay
with us.

Dora

What relation is he to you ?

Teddie

No relation.

Dora

Then he must be an old friend.

Teddie

We never saw him till yesterday.

Dora

Has he come to work for you ?

Teddie

Not a stroke.

Dora

Does he pay board ?

Teddie

Not a dollar.

Dora

Where does he sit at table ?

Teddie

He doesn't sit at table.

Dora

What does he like to eat ?

Teddie

He takes anything we choose to give him.

Dora

How does he take his food ?

Teddie

I put it into his mouth.

Dora

Is he sick ?

Teddie

Not at all.

Dora

Has he no hands ?

Teddie

He has two. ' I ma —

(Claps hand over mouth.)

Dora

What room does he have ?

Teddie

No room at all.

Dora

I thought you said he had come
to stay with you.

Teddie

So I did.

Dora

How long will he stay with you ?

Teddie

All his life.

Dora

Is he very old ?

Teddie

No. He's quite young. He-he !

(Puts hand to mouth and titters.)

Dora

Where does he sleep ?

Teddie

On the lawn.

Dora

You don't mean to say you let him stay out of doors all night.

Teddie

It wouldn't be good for him to come into the house.

Dora

Why?

Teddie

He wouldn't live so long.

Dora

What does he do for a living?

Teddie

Watches the front door.

Dora

Oh! He's a watchman. Does he wear a uniform?

Teddie

Yes.

■

Dora

What color ?

Teddie

All white.

Dora

That's very foolish. What color
is his hair ?

Teddie

He's quite bald.

Dora

Poor man ! In this cold weather,
too ! What color are his eyes ?

Teddie

Black. I used pieces of co—

(Claps hand to mouth.)

Dora

Oh, I know ! It's a snow man.

WHEN THE TOYS CAME ALIVE

Ned

(Standing alone in front of the class.)

Now I'm ready to answer any questions you people may want to ask me.

Whipping Top

(Comes forward and faces him.)

You may whip me all you like.
What am I? *Ned*

My Whipping Top. Next!

(Whipping Top retires. Drum comes forward.)

Drum

You may beat me, too. But I shall make a big noise if you do. What am I?

Ned

My Drum. Next.

(Each questioner in turn retires on being answered, and the next steps forward.)

Boat

The pond was made for you and me and the ducks. What am I !

Ned

My Boat. Next.

Kite

I can climb without a ladder.
What am I ?

Ned

My Kite. Next !

Spade

You push me under, but hold me from falling. What am I ?

Ned

My Spade. Next!

Knife

I hurt you once, and you cried.
You have taken better care of me
ever since. What am I?

Ned

I didn't cry much, Jackknife! Do
you want me to shut you up and put
you in my pocket?

(Jackknife runs to seat.)

Dinner Plate

You love me dearly. Yet every
day you take all I have away from
me. What am I?

Ned

Never mind if you are full again
next time, Dinner Plate!

Work

You don't love me as well as you ought to. Yet I am making a man of you. What am I?

Ned

(Shaking hand of Work.)

I know, and I thank you, Work !
But excuse me now. It's play time.

Back of Neck

I have belonged to you all your life; yet other people can see me and you cannot. What am I?

Ned

My heart ?

Back of Neck

No. Can other people see your heart ?

Ned

Then I can't guess you.

Back of Neck

I am the Back of your Neck.

Ned

(*Twisting about, trying to see the back of his neck.*)

Who says I can't see the Back of my Neck?

Back of Neck

Can you?

Ned

You're right about it. Is the game up?

Back of Neck

Here comes one more.

•Mother

I am your dear aunt's only sister, and I've come to tell you playtime is over, and to put you to bed.

Ned

Oh, I suppose you're my Mother.
Well, I've had fun enough for one
day, anyway.

*(Throws arm around mother's neck and kisses
her.)*

— *The Primary School.*

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